

Murd'ring Ministers #50

Issue #50

August 20, 1982

DIPCON/ORIGINS PHOTOS



TOP BOARD: 2nd Round of DIPCON action sees Konrad Baumeister (center) busy.

Mark Larzelere (Michigan T shirt), Kathy Byrne, and John Caruso.



Would you trust this man? He's none other than Al Pearson.



Franke Peterson and Scotti Koenig in '83
Wife Zip Master T shirts.

STUFF

MURD'RING MINISTERS is a gamezine dedicated to the play of postal DIPLOMACY and sometimes other multi-player wargames. MM is published monthly utilizing four week deadlines. The subscription rate is still \$5.50/12 issues. See CAME OPENINGS Section for gamefee information. MM is published by Ron Brown, 1528 El Sereno Pl., Bakersfield, CA 93304. Phone - (305) 834-8409.

Well, the big once a year DIPCON has come and gone for this year. The cover of this issue features some of the participants in action. Many thanks for the use of the pix goes to Ben Schilling. Many heartfelt thanks, Ben! So, that's what Caruso looks like!

The Top Ten in the DIPCON DIP Tournament were: 1) Konrad Baumeister; 2) Russell Blau; 3) Dave Lowerman; 4) Eric Ozog; 5) John Kador; 6) Jack Brawner; 7) Ed Wrobel; 8) Doug Doyerlein; 9) John Caruso; 10) Bruce Linsey. Quite an impressive field of ten, no? All the above players are proven, capable players. For detailed accounts of this summer's extravaganza from people who were there, try reading Cary Coughlan's account in EE #16 (4614 Martha Cole Lane, Memphis, TN 38118), John and Kathy's version in WHITESTONE #53 with photos (160-02 43rd Ave., Flushing, NY 11358), or Scott Hanson's report in IRKSOME #16-17 (1000 University Ave SE Apt. 8-1, Minneapolis, MN 55414). Congratulations, Konrado!

Speaking of Konrad, he publishes a fine zine called GIVE ME A WEAPON, at Box 6050 Henle, Washington, D.C. 20057. Konrad has a brand new game opening for a game of regular DIPLOMACY. The gamefee is \$4.00 and the subscription rate is \$4.50/10 issues, although you can get 10 issues for only \$4.00 if you hurry and send your \$ to him before mid-September. Preference lists are accepted. Konrad's last issue was ditto, like his old zine, EGGNOC. I must admit that I prefer Konrad's use of the ditto in his zines than the 'pro' repro he's been utilizing. If you want to see a fine dittoed zine, write to Konrad for a sample!

Have you seen the LEEDER POLL results yet?!? I received a comp copy of John Leeder's RUNESTONE #344 with the Poll's results in it the other day. This Year's #1 Zine? DIPMASTER? Yes, D-M came in first place with a solid 10.00 rating on 43 votes! OK, OK. I know it's not real, too. Yep, it was inevitable once it was announced that the Leeder Poll would be delayed in coming out this year that somebody would have to design a fake Poll Result! It was a fine job - at first glance it really looks like the way John releases the results when he publishes them in RUNESTONE. This seems to be similar to Mark Lew's report of the Poll Results in "Benzene", a subzine in IRKSOME (see above). The zine most feel is the odds-on favorite for top zine this year, Gary's EUROPA EXPRESS came in ranked #32 with a rating of 5.89! Ok, it was cute and fun now confess! Which one of you crazies faked the Leeder Poll?!?

Bob Arnett, P.O. Box 2031, Chesapeake, VA 23320 has begun a new business entitled, "The Software Shop". Bob plans on selling software for home computers at discounts of 20% and higher. If you own a home computer like an Apple II, TRS-80, etc. then you should send Bob \$1.00 for his catalogue and see what he can save you some bucks on!

The results of the BEST CANADIAN PLAYER POLL have been released by Dave Carter. Blair Cusack was voted the best player in Canada by his Canadian peers. Other top finishers were: 2) Randolph Smyth; 3) Bob Acheson; 4) Dave Carter; 5) Peter Walker & Dan MacLellan. Congrats to you all!

* * * *

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallow' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

RICHARD III, V, ii, 23.

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NOTE: The following report is from the DAILY SIGNAL of California State University Northridge. Since this report contains information that is vital to the health and well-being of all DIPLOMACY players, it is presented to you for your benefit.

John Flurry, discoverer of R-A-Gal-phobia, has written a special article concerning his discovery. It is as follows:

John Flurry, 21, of Los Angeles, Calif., claims he has discovered a new disease, which he calls "Russo-gallicophobia." He says he has suffered from it since he was 12 years old. He says it began with many bad dreams in school at first, but now it has become so bad that he can't sleep at night. He says he has been playing postal DIPLOMACY games for three years, and that he has never won one. He says he has tried to get rid of the disease by going to a doctor, but the doctor told him that there was nothing wrong with him.

The report, submitted by Dr. David Flurry, professor of Medical Psychology at California State University, Los Angeles, is published in the DAILY SIGNAL, Psychical Basis of Disease, November 1949.

The entire world of medical health was rocked back on its heels and forced to sit up and take notice today by a report submitted to the CENTRAL COMMITTEE FOR SCIENTIFIC AND CLINICAL RESEARCH ON THE BASIC MEDICO-METABOLIC PSYCH-SOMATICAL REDUNDANCIES TO THE STATE-PARTICIPATED INSTITUTION OF THE PSYCHOTIC, NEUROTIC, PARANOID, OR CRIMINAL MENTAL ILLNESS. Late last fall a life long leader took ill.

The report, submitted by Dr. David Flurry, professor of Medical Psychology at California State University, Los Angeles, is published in the DAILY SIGNAL, Psychical Basis of Disease, November 1949.

Russocarmogaliciophobia (or simply R-A-Gal-phobia) is defined by Dr. Flurry as being an inordinate fear of Russian armies in Galicia. Dr. Flurry, its discoverer, claims that it is an extremely rare and somewhat trying condition of hypochondria brought on by playing postal DIPLOMACY games. The affliction may take on any of several forms.

In an advanced state, known as Hyporuscarmogaliciophobia, the disease may assume new and interesting characteristics, such as a morbid fear, not only directed against Russian armies in Galicia, but of Russian armies (or fleets) anywhere. Another common manifestation is a deep-seated fear of any small, square, white object. The sight, or even thought, of a pair of dice is sufficient to send a hyporuscarmogaliciophobiac into hysteria, or a melt, depending upon his kinesthetic-neural makeup.

"I know of a most interesting case," writes Dr. Flurry. "We shall call the patient Mr. Ex (because that is his name, Bill Ex). Up until the time about which I am writing, Mr. Ex, being his phobia, a perfectly normal human being. He had been blasted out of Austria, via a Russian attack in Galicia, in several postal DIPLOMACY games; but his phobia had not yet reached an extreme manifestation. He did not exhibit any perceptible fear of sugar cubes, Chiclets gum, books with white pages, typewriters with white keyboards, etc. Nor did fear Russian derived words or objects. Still, he would refuse to eat chicken Kiev and would wince at pictures showing Marie Osmond smiling."

"For the first several months of my observations, Mr. Ex seemed to be able to cope with his phobia. This was due, however, to his ignorance. I could see the tell-tale sign of the hyporuscarmogaliciophobia on his worried face. "It's getting worse," he said. I nodded and asked him why. He told me that after being set back by Russia in yet one more postal DIPLOMACY game that there had been changes made at this job (he worked in the production department of a food concern), to which he was transferred to the new department, that made sandwiches. Immediate action was called for. After all, who would want to eat sandwiches made with rye bread?"

"I advised him to quit his job immediately. He should also accept positions in DIPLOMACY games if he would be playing France; he was never to play Austria again. The next step was to come into his home and make major changes. Everything white was painted some different color. Even the most minor things had to be taken care of. A piano had to be removed, because of its keyboard. Special ice-cube trays were brought in that made round instead of square ice-cubes. His new telephone with its white pushbuttons was sent back for an older model, black with silver. Note pads, white, books, pillow cases, black and white check boards, and crop, an ivory, mahogany set were all removed. From now on Mr. Ex would eat sandwiches made with rye bread only, and never with white bread or Russian rye."

"Things went very well for several months. Mr. Ex was a very sick man, but we had managed to control his environment. Of course, there were still a few problems and setbacks, such as the time Mr. Ex went into hysteria just as he was getting into the tub. He had suddenly envisioned the bath water as the Adriatic Sea and the bar-

of Ivory Soap in it as a Russian fleet."

Several months later, I received a phone call from Mrs. Ex asking me to come over right away. I found Mr. Ex in a state of semi-coma lying on the sofa and clutching some papers in his hand. Summoning all of the skill of the clinical psychologist I was able to bring him out of it. His eyes were open and he was aware of my presence. I reached into my pocket for some Nibs licorice bite. I offered several of the nibs to Mr. Ex. He looked at them and then jumped up in terror. In only an instance he had leaped through the window behind him. He fell to his death two stories below."

"He had dropped the sheath of paper that he had been holding and it had fallen at my feet. I picked it up and looked at it. It was a DIPLOMACY zine called MURD'RING MINISTERS. I looked at the page he had been reading and saw that he had followed my advice and had started a game as France. The Spring 1901 adjudications had just been made. Germany had just moved Army Munich to Burgundy."

This report caused quite a stir at the Gestalt Foundation and the board of directors voted Dr. Fluffy a further \$225,000 stipend to continue his studies of Russ-oarmogalicophobia with the hope that someday this dead disease may be cured.

((This article first appeared in PW #13))

((Back in PW #20 I reported a letter to Al Rodriguez from PLAYGIRL magazine had been discovered so I had to print it . . .))

Mr. Al Rodriguez
2613 South Eye St.
Bakersfield, CA 93304

President,
Douglas Lambert
Executive Vice President,
William J. Miles, JR.
Secretary-Treasurer,
John Andrews

Mr. Al Rodriguez

2613 South Eye St.

Bakersfield, CA 93304

Dear Mr. Rodriguez:

We wish to thank you for your letter and polaroid pictures which we recently received. We regret, however, that we will not be able to use you as "Playgirl's" Man of the Month Centerfold.

When rated by our panel of AAW (Average American Women) on a scale from 1 to 10, your body was rated minus 2. The AAW is comprised of widowed females ages 60-75 who have not been involved with sex for five (5) years or longer.

To further justify our rating, we submitted your photographs to another panel of women in the age bracket of 25-35, but we couldn't get them to stop laughing long enough to rate you.

Please be assured that, should the tastes of American women ever change so drastically that bodies of your type are in demand for our center-fold, you will be notified. Meanwhile, please don't dial us. We'll call you.

Sincerely,
Amanda Blake - EDITOR
PS - We regret to inform you that the staples used to hold the photograph in the centerfold covered the "item of interest".

1981D WINTER 1908 SEASONS SEPARATE AT PLAYERS' REQUESTS: BOTH DRAW PROPOSALS FAIL!
 England-Bull's LON (Eng. has Rom Italy-Disbands F LVD, A Bre, A Pie
 France-Disbands after 10 weeks 13 Turkey-Builds A CON
 Germany-Builds A CHI, A GER, A JAP
 Spring 1909 due Sept. 24, 1909
 ((Players are reminded that in order to separate a season, i.e. have the Winter builds only and not combined with the next Spring orders, at least two members of the game must request it - RB))

Thanks to Jim Bumpus, whose standby orders were not needed as Bruce kept my the Italian position. There are proposals for: 1) an E&G draw; 2) an I&O draw. Please 1981D Press me via fax or e-mail with your S'09 orders. to all 1981D

BLACK STEVE-MAD TURK: Independent Turk, proposing draws that do not include me will do nothing toward gaining my friendship.

ITALY-ENGLAND: Now, Woody, we shouldn't let one little shot get us off track!

now. I realize that you can't help it if you're a dudie. ~~Well, I think you~~ should learn to play Dipl. All this seriousness will give you a more efficient

GERMANY-GM: Very good news nearly home now. I think you got

what you wanted, no more Italian is what you get.

GERMANY-GM: Playing short again. Seems to me that this is the way I came into this game.

* * * * * **CLOSE OPENINGS IN MM** * * * * *
 Regular DIPLOMACY is the name of the game. For MM-16 there are six now signed up so this one should start up with MM#51. The necessities: a gamefee (\$6.00), an NMR Deposit (\$3.00), refundable, and maintaining a subscription to MM. Send a preference list if you want. Call about MM#51.

In all likelihood, I'll be running another game after the above will be some stuff needed. Let me know if you have requested and not received a copy of the MM Houserules or if you need one at all.

Good luck with MM#51. See you then.

* * * * * **STANDBY LIST** * * * * *
 REG. DIP - Jerry McCleod, Dan Gorham, Jim Gray, Al Peterson, Jim Bumpus, Ron Keily, George Cunningham, Steve Brinwoodian, Mike Johnson, Jerry Lewis. Thanks all for your early entry! I welcome others.

THE ITALIAN WHO WENT TO DETROIT

((This first appeared, courtesy of Dave Carter, in MM #17. You may have seen this some time thereafter in Dave Carter's SLEEPLESS KNIGHTS. -RB))

One day Ia come to Detroit to bo a bigga hotel. Ina morning I go down to eat breakfast. I telln the waitress I wanna piss'n a toilet. She bring me only one piss. I tell her no understand; I wanna two piss on the plate. She say you better no piss on the plate, you sonnma bitch of an

Later I go put to eat at the bigga restaurant. The waitress brings me a spoon and knife but no fock. I tell her I wanna fock. She tells me everyone wanna fock. I tell her you no understand; I wanna fock on the table. She say you better not fock on the table. You sonnabitch.

So I go back to my room ana hotel and there is no shits ona my bed. I call the manager and tell him I wanna shit. He tella me go to the toilet. I say you no understand. I wanna shit ona the bed. He say you better not shit on the bed, you sonnma bitch!

I go to the check' out. The man at the desk say, "Peace to you." I say Piss ona you, too, you sonnabitch. I gonna go back to Italy!

JANE'S TEN DIPLOMANDMENTS

((In December of 1980 the first and only fake MM was sent out to my subscribers by that "masterful" Faker, John H. Masters. It was a lot of fun, for sure. Here are a few highlights: first, Jane Proskins "Ten Diplomandments" from her "Joy of Jane" subzine.))

1

Beware thy fellow player that answers not to thy letter, for he shall surely fall. Cause not anger among the players in thy game, for they will conspire together upon thee as many cubits of bricks.

2

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, if thou needs must stab, thrust hard and deep for the death, for if thou art hesitant and fearful thy enemy will surely return over for the game. Let thou be adjudged upon thee in a great rage.

3

Takest thou care thy games are ended for verily though thou hast given thy money, the finding of a substitute for a lost position is a great trial and tribulation, for which thy gamesmaster will remember thy name until the end of time.

4

Spendeest not all of thy time on the pursuit of DIPLOMACY, for if thou dost thy friends will surely buy beers for thy wife and girlfriend and console her in ways not pleasing to thee.

5

Feud not in the world of DIPLOMACY, for it is only a game and even if someone be a son of a bitch and a bastard he may someday show up as a standby in thy game. Of course, if thou gainest joy from a feud, forget thou the above.

Cause not anger among the players in thy game, for they will conspire together against thee and thy seasons will not long endure.

7

Tarry not amongst those who make foolish moves, for they are surely not long and fearful thy enemy will surely return over for the game. Let thou be adjudged as a fool and eliminated.

8

Takest thou care thou diorteest not the truth to thy gamesmaster, for this incurreth his wrath and bringeth his fury about thy head and shoulders. And, iffith thy gamesmaster should be Brux, then woe be unto you.

9

When thy friends and enemies have been established, be thou willing to change friend for enemy and enemy for friend for while this mayest be confusing it will ensure thy finish in the game.

10

Commit to thy memory all of the words of the prophet Allan as written in the RULES FOR DIPLOMACY (copyright Avalon Hill) which giveth out with the straight dope and consolest thee when thou hast been screwed by thy gameemaster.

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((The Fake MM #27 even included a RRR section. Here's a letter from "Richard Sharp"))

Dear Ron:

I saw your issue #25 with the strategy article on "The Trieste Gambit" for Austria. A very similar strategy was in Vogue in England several years ago and over here we have traditionally called it the "Gascony Opening", named in honor of Howard Gascony of Brighton who first used it in a postal game in 1973BY.

The approach was quite popular here in Great Britain for quite a few years, and is largely responsible for the very poor showing of Austria in British postal games between 1975 and 1978. Most British players now realize how dreadful the pathetic, bumbling opening is and avoid it like the plague. Giving up one home center in 1901 with only a 50-50 chance of gaining two neutrals is not an especially viable option and this is primarily why Nicky Palmer redubbed the thing "Gascony's Suicide" in 1978. Of course, the thing worked very well for you in 1977HG; but in 77HG you had everything

((Con'd on next pg.))

going for you--especially the incompetent Dave Grabar playing Italy. By the way, has Grabar ever won a game anywhere, anyway, anyhow?

Dick

((Thanks for your letter, Dick. I am very pleased that MURD'RING MINISTERS is being read in England. As to "The Trieste Gambit" I was only relating my experience in using it and yes Dave Grabar playing Italy had a lot to do with its success. I was not aware of the extensive use of the opening in England or that it was known as the "Gaepony Opening". I do think that "Gaepony Opening" is a rather confusing name for it and I like "The Trieste Gambit" better. Jack Masters has been urging me to rename it "Hey, Trieste". I still like the opening and would use it again, even if Jay Shufeldt was playing Italy. - RB))

My wife said to me - George, it is about time that you learned to play golf - you know, golf - that's the game where you chase a ball all over the country when you are too old to chase women.

So, I went to see Jones and asked him if he would teach me how to play. He said, "Sure, you've got balls, haven't you?" I said yes but sometimes on cold mornings they're kinda hard to find. "Bring them to the Club House tomorrow" he said. "And we will tee off. What's tee off?" I asked. He said, "It's a golf term and we have to tee off in front of the Club House." Not far as, I said, you can tee off there if you want to, but I'll tee off behind the barn somewhere. "No, no," he said, "a tee is a little thing about the size of your little finger. Meah, I've got one of those." "Well," he said, "you stick it in the ground and put your ball on top of it." I asked if you played golf sitting down. I always thought you stood up and walked around. "You do," he said. "You're standing up when you put your ball on the tee."

Well, folks, I thought that was stretching things a little bit too far and said so.

He said, "You've got a bag, haven't you?" Sure, I said. He said, "Your balls are in it, aren't they? Of course, I told him. "Well," he said, "Can't you open the bag and take one out?" I said I suppose I could but damned if I was going to. He asked if I didn't have a zipper on my bag, but I told him no. I'm the old fashioned kind.

Then he asked us if I knew how to hold my club. Well, after fifty years I should have some sort of an idea, and I told him so. He said, "Take your club in both hands . . ." Folks, I know right then he didn't know what he was talking about. Then he said you swing it over your shoulder. So that's my brother you're talking about. He asked me, "How do you hold your club," and before I thought, I said, "In two fingers." He said that wasn't right and got behind me and put both arms around me and told me to bend over and he would show me how. He couldn't catch me there because I didn't put four years in the Navy for nothing.

He said, "You hit the ball with your club and it will soar and soar." I said I could well imagine. Then he said, "When you are on the green" - what's the green, I asked. "That's where the hole is," he said. "But you're not color blind, I asked?" "No, then you take your putter." What's a putter, I asked? "That's the smallest club made," he said. That's what I've got, a putter. "And with it," he said, "you put the ball in the hole." I corrected, "You mean the putting?" He said, "The ball is not. The hole isn't big enough for the ball and the putter too." Well, I've seen holes big enough for a horse and wagon. Then he said, "After you make the first hole, you go on to the next seventeen."

He wasn't talking to me. After two holes I'm shot to hell. "You mean," he said, "You can't make eighteen holes in one day?" Hell, no, it takes me eighteen days to make one hole; besides, how do I know when I'm in the eighteenth hole? He said, "The flag will go up."

That would be just my luck. That's the last time I'm ever going to play golf.

((This nifty little tale first appeared in NY #12))

WHAT TO DO AFTER THE STAB — or

HOW DO I GET THIS THING OUT OF MY BACK?

Conrad Shortley

You know the feeling. You're in the process of playing the greatest game in Dippydom. You have one loyal, devout, dependable ally whom you trust completely. Everyone else on the board is either dead or stymied while you and your ally grow more and more powerful. Everything is going your way . . . you even leave your backside unprotected knowing that it is completely safe. After all, no one but your ally can hurt you there and you KNOW he won't. You have him eating out of your hand. The next moves results arrive and you anxiously open the zine to see your next successful move is in print and then . . .

Two hours later, as you come to on the floor wondering what hit you, you remember what caused your departure from the realm of consciousness: YOU'VE BEEN STABBED!! That loyal ally in whom you trusted has stopped the attack on your mutual foe and has taken the most crucial 8 centers you own on the Fall turn. Now the question is . . . what do you do? The answer is simple. Merely choose from these three choices:

- 1) call the erstwhile "ally" and tell him you are on your way to his home state with a 44 magnum (not the champaign variety); 2) Write everyone else in the game and tell them what a bastard he is (this won't do you any good in the game but it will make you feel better); or 3) Cheat.

If you choose choice number 1 above then this is how you go about it. First, of course, call the queer on the phone and tell him what a queer he is. After about 20 minutes of follow-up profanity (use your imagination!) tell him you'll be driving by his house in a couple of days and you plan on kidnapping his wife, children, or dog and hold them hostage until he pulls back from your borders. If this threat doesn't work, say you will blow his head off with the aforementioned weapon. If this doesn't get you any results, whimper and cry morosely into the phone. Describe the large tears that are dripping down your face ruining your carpet and the snot that's makin' it more and more difficult to breathe. If this isn't enough, go to choice number 2.

After failing with number 1, here's what you need to do: Write or call everyone else in the game and tell them how badly things have gone in your personal life recently. Tell them your mother passed away recently. This caused your father to lose his mind and while your and your family are trying to decide which asylum to have him committed, he's staying with you. Tell them your dog was poisoned by the guy who ripped off your car. Tell them the house was torched by the guy who ran off with your wife. Tell them this is why your ex-wife ditched you. When he heard of all this he KNEW you would be sufficiently distracted and be able to successfully stab you. The creep! Now I ask you -- what loyal red-blooded American would not take offense at this criminal? Everyone will help you by ganging up on the villain and the situation will be shortly restored!

If by some strange chance this ruse does not work, go on to choice number 3.

If numbers 1 and 2 didn't work, then by now your position in the game is nearing hopelessness. Your attacker hasn't let up and your neighbors have refused to lend assistance. Now is the time for drastic measures. Now is the time for choice number 3. Everyone knows that the only way you can cheat in this game is by deceiving the GM. Here's what you must do: The only way to deceive the GM in a foolproof manner is to make sure he's not around to catch you. You will need to disguise yourself (a mailman is always a good disguise) and arrive at the GM's residence. When he answers the door, congratulate him on winning the Grand Prize of the National NADF Contest: a free trip to Alexandria, Virginia to stay with Mark Berch and discuss the Lexicon of Diplomacy with him. Give him the keys to your car and a map and send him on his way. After he's left, you will have access to his records and you can print the next five issues' game results as he is sure to be gone at least six months or so. Now, what could be easier?

Now that you have been exposed to all these dabbles of wisdom you should never lose another game!

((This article first appeared in M#23))

TO PUBLISH OR NOT TO PUBLISH;

THEREIN LIES A TALE

BY JIM WILLIAMS

Publisher." The word that is synonymous in the postal hobby with words like, star, leader, and all around good fellow. The bearer of the title, "Publisher", has achieved an enviable position in the upper echelon of the hobby. He or she has reached the pinnacle of success in the world of play by mail DIPLOMACY.

Small wonder then, why every postal DIPLOMACY player, provided he is an enthusiastic hobbyist, eventually feels a pang, nay, a longing, for merey an almost unquenchable desire, known as . . . "The Urge to Publish."

This is a key moment in a PBM player's life. A decision must be made by each individual, either to succumb to the urge or to fight it and remain a mere player on the hobby stage.

I chose to fight this thirst for grandeur and instead sought for other ways to expand my role in postal DIPLOMACY. As I write this to you, my battle is won. I no longer have the desire to climb to the top of the proverbial ladder in our hobby. I am a free man.

I was one of the lucky ones. Many players are unable to overcome this almost overwhelming desire to publish. Some of them, to coin an oft used phrase, live happily ever after in their new roles. They throw themselves headlong into the task and go on to become respected and well known hobby-wide. Others, who soon find that publishing is beyond them, sadly, often quit the hobby altogether, out of frustration.

Even the successful pubber must pay his dues. Increasing the time spent on one's zine decreases the amount of time spent on one's games. If the new pubber is in many games, more often than not, his play suffers. Letter writing is kept down to a minimum as the zine begins to consume more and more time.

A player who takes up publishing a zine must realize that he is not really getting more involved with one hobby, he is beginning a new one. Playing DIPLOMACY by mail and publishing a zine are worlds apart and each requires special talents.

I entered the postal hobby with a whimper, not a bang. I started by subbing to and getting into a game in MURD'RING MINISTERS. (Not a bad place to start, either). PlugPlugPlug.

After about 4 or 5 months, the game wasn't exactly working out for me, and I was in danger of embarrassing myself. Always a believer in the "if at first you don't succeed . . ." adage, I signed up for another game, also in MM.

This second game really worked me up to the hobby. I was lucky enough to get into a game with a very enthusiastic Guy Coughlan, which brought my level of enthusiasm up. In addition, I soon began to do quite well in this game, while my first game ended much better than I thought it would.

At this point in time, I had become a hard core postal DIPLOMACY nut, and I wanted more. I started writing more detailed press and I even made the letters column a few times. The urge to publish was already like a fire in my loins urging me on and on. I needed more . . . more!

I had been dabbling in poetry in my press releases, so I decided to write an original poem, inspired by my new awareness of the hobby, and submit it for publication in MM, (still my only zine).

Like a new father to be, I anxiously awaited the next issue of MM. When it finally arrived, there it was . . . my poem, in print! I was a published author!

This was great! Soon, other fellow hobbyists would be aware of my presence in their midst. This could have been the ting that launched me right into the publisher's circle, except for one thing. My poem was received with all the critical acclaim of the opening of a new doughnut shop.

In an ordinary hobby, a blow like that would cause one to utterly forsake that hobby for greener pastures. DIPLOMACY players have to recover quickly from minor setbacks such as this all of the time, though. I did.

((Con'd next pg.))

"TO PUBLISH . . ." (Con'd)

Undaunted, I dropped the poetry angle like a mushy avocado, and searched for another way to launch my postal Diplomatic career to new heights. The urge to publish grew larger inside me, feeding on my hunger like a tapeworm on my very soul. I was near the edge.

I was ready to begin checking out printers for costs and convenience when my inborn procrastinatory tendencies took over. I put it off and put it off until, one day, I received a call from my old buddy Gary Coughlan (remember him?). Gary told me that he was preparing to publish his own zine. He had fallen victim to "it" so fast that I hadn't even noticed his urge coming on.

I still had the urge myself at that time, so I encouraged Gary. Some friend I was. I thought to myself, "Let's see how Gary handles his new zine. If he does well with it and can handle the demand on his time, perhaps I'll give it a whirl."

Well, Gary is still going strong, as you may know, with his EUROPA EXPRESS, and now you might be wondering, since Gary's venture into publishing turned out to be a smashing success, why haven't I followed suit?

Pay attention now, fellow dippers; this is where the tide turned, in my battle vs. "the urge".

It is true that EE is a success, and Gary is a very good publisher, but my watchfulness over Gary's progress went beyond the success/failure angle. What I was interested in, was how the whole publishing thing affected Gary.

Before issue #1 hit the mails, I had already noticed a sharp decline in the length and number of letters that I was getting from Gary for our game. He also complained a few times that the zine was taking up a lot of his time.

"Just a doggone minute, here!" I said. All of a sudden, the golden world of publishing seemed a lot like work! Realizing this, the fire burned lower inside me already. I was on the road to freedom.

I still needed something though, even though publishing had moved to the back burner. Once the urge to publish strikes, it is tough to get rid of completely.

I remembered back to my high school days, back at Gordon Tech in Chicago when I used to amuse my friends by drawing cartoons relating to current school happenings, based on other cartoon characters. I had found an outlet.

The idea was easily adapted to DIPLOMACY, and my first cartoons were well received. I had found indeed, the perfect substitute for publishing my own zine.

I gained recognition, cut down on my sub fees, and I was not under any pressure to meet any deadlines. If I felt like drawing, I drew. If not, I didn't.

This success encouraged me to go a step further and submit an article to EE. That didn't turn out so bad either. This article is my second attempt and marks my complete cure over publisher's syndrome.

I credit my narrow escape to pure luck. If I hadn't been born with a procrastinator's instinct, I might have been too busy to write this article. Those of you out there reading this now have the benefit of the experience of one man who beat the urge.

If any of you have the urge to publish, follow these few simple steps to determine for yourself whether or not you can handle it.

When you first get the urge, try to ignore it, and get in more games, as many as 15 if necessary. If you can handle 15 games and still find time to consider publishing, read on . . .

Go through your entire house or apartment and see if you can find a wife or husband. If you do, ask him/her what he/she would think about you spending most of your free time on games. More than likely, you'll be rid of the urge right here. However, if you happen to be married to a saint, or are not married at all, read on . . .

Consider the initial expense of starting a zine. Let me see, you'll need a typewriter, if you don't have one already, or if you are like Garry Hamlin, you'll need to get yours fixed. (Unless you want to call your zine UPPERCASE).

Then, there is the cost of a reproducing machine, or printing costs if you'd prefer that. The cost of other pertinent materials, and of course, postage must be considered also.

((Con'd next pg.))

"TO PUBLISH . . ." (Con'd)

Still with me? Still have the urge? If so, get samples of every zine you can think of and take a good look at them.

Check out the professionalism of LONE STAR DIPLOMAT, the excellence of the new zines, like DOT HAPPY and EUROPA EXPRESS. Peruse all of the really good zines, MURD'RING MINISTERS, BLACK FROG, VOICE OF DOOM, and many, many more, too numerous to mention.

If you feel that you still need to publish, and you feel that you can come close to the quality of the zines already out, then you are beyond a doubt a crazy masochistic lunatic.

Go ahead, take the plunge, don't listen to me. If you do get everything together and put your zine into print, I have only a few more words of advice. Please, send me a sample.

((This article first appeared in MM #37.))

* * * * *

THE DIPLOMACY ADDICTION TEST

formulated by ALFRED P. GIDDINGS

Dr. Alfred P. Giddings

DIPLOMACY enthusiasts everywhere now have the chance to find out exactly how addicted they are to this habit-forming game of cunning and deceit. To find out precisely how hooked you are, please answer truthfully and honestly (knowing the olaibre of people reading this, it may be too much to ask!) with the best single answer:

- T F 1) I publish or am in the process of putting out a zine of my own.
- T F 2) A day doesn't go by without making some reference to DIPLOMACY.
- T F 3) I lie awake late into the night planning moves in the pbm games I am in.
- T F 4) My wife or best friend will not talk to me as I am bored with anything other than my responsibility to the hobby.
- T F 5) I resort to drugs or alcohol to relieve tension due to stabs inflicted by long time allies.
- T F 6) In at least one pbm game, I have played more than one position in order to enhance my chances of winning the game.
- T F 7) I read every zine I sub to from cover to cover.
- T F 8) I discuss strategy and tactics with fellow co-workers even though they are not interested and ignore me completely.
- T F 9) I keep extra conference maps at work with current positions of all the games I am in in order to mull over them during working hours.
- T F 10) I have lost my job due to question 8 or 9 above.

- 11) I have been playing DIPLOMACY regularly for
 - a) less than one year
 - b) 1-2 years
 - c) more than 2 years
- 12) I currently sub to
 - a) 1-4 zines
 - b) 5-10 zines
 - c) more than 10 zines
- 13) Frankly speaking, I would rather _____ than anything else.
 - a) breathe
 - b) screw
 - c) play Italy
- 14) In my pbm history, I have NMR'd
 - a) more than twice
 - b) 1-2 times
 - c) never

((Con'd next pg.))

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DIP ADDICTION TEST (Con'd)

- 15) I am a stand-by in zines.
 - a) 1-2
 - b) 3-4
 - c) 5 or more
- 16) Due to extremely large phone bills and mounds of postage spent on DIPLOMACY in order to break even I have had to
 - a) sell my car
 - b) sell my stock in Avalon Hill
 - c) sell my wife
- 17) The best thing that ever happened to me was
 - a) picking a ten-teamer during football season
 - b) losing my virginity
 - c) winning my first DIPLOMACY game
- 18) My hero is
 - a) Tim Conway
 - b) Kaiser Wilhelm
 - c) Allan B. Calhamer
- 19) After being eliminated in a DIPLOMACY game I
 - a) swear to never play again
 - b) cripple a nun
 - c) sign up for 3 more games and promise it'll never happen again
- 20) My life ambition is to
 - a) retire
 - b) meet Allan B. Calhamer
 - c) change my name to Allan B. Calhamer

Now to find your level of addiction, give yourself 5 points for every TRUE answer in questions 1-10.

In questions 11-20 give yourself 5 points for every "c" answer, 3 points for every "b" answer, and a goose egg for every "a" answer. Proceed on when tallied.

If you scored:

- below 25 points..... It's a wonder you even play the game at all.
- 25-50 points..... You're still able to enjoy non-DIPLOMACY activities.
- 51-65 points..... You're in the puberty stage of DIP addiction.
- 66-75 points..... Over the hump at this level. It'll be tough but still possible to return as a functioning member of society.
- 90-100 points..... Totally a hopeless case. Mental retardation has set in and your future in politics is all but assured.

((This Test first appeared in MM #25))

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"Have more than thou shovest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest."

KING LEAR IV, iv, 132.

"Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say
 well;
And yet wordes are no deeds."

HENRY VIII, III, ii, 153.

NOVICE RESTRICTIONS #1 (YOU MEAN WE AREN'T PLAYING RISK TONIGHT?)

Just as every human being must learn to crawl before he walks, every DIPLOMACY player must go through a novice period. The more fortunate strive their apprenticeship in Face-To-Face (FTF) play.

Introduction through FTF is more advantageous. In FTF you play an entire game in a very short period of time as compared to the postal game time. A postal novice can pay for his initial mistakes, often ineptness, over the course of weeks, months, possibly even a year or more. The FTF rookie can screw up a game, then, in a few hours, retire for the rest of the evening. He can watch his tormentors turn on each other or drown his sorrows in a psychologically comforting medicinal remedy (wood alcohol). No such luck for the postal novice. Every four weeks he will dreadfully open his DIPLINE and be reminded of his failures. "Shouldn't be an irresponsible slime and drop out or keep fighting vs. overwhelming odds?" Hopefully, he will stick it out as he slowly shrinks from four units to one. Believe it or not, he will learn a valuable lesson . . . don't let it happen again. Also in FTF the novice may get to play an endgame that evening. A fairly successful (or should I say lucky) postal rookie will not experience the agony or ecstasy of the endgame for possibly a year or two after his gamestart. Unfortunately this author was (and still is, some would argue) a postal novice.

Let's assume that the reader is a postal novice. Once the novice period, usually a year, is completed nothing will stand in his way to fame and glory in the FTF realm. Wrong! A postal novice may know some adroit openings and strategies. He may even be a skilled tactician but there are yet other skills to master in FTF. There are two important skills to master: Budgeting of time and lying with aplomb. "You mean I don't have a half hour to study my conference map and make my moves?" It is amazing how fast one must write their orders. You only have enough time to talk to your ally, plan your moves, and write them down. Under these time restraints miswritten orders increase greatly; so be careful. When the orders are adjudicated immediately list all unit locations. In doing this simple chore half of your orders are written. Next, study your position or copy the board onto a conference map. It is always a good idea to have plenty of conference maps on hand for a FTF game. Then, use the remaining time to conduct diplomacy, then decide on your orders. If you are organized you can cope with the hectic pace. It also helps to have a few snacks to keep up the energy level. This board game can really build your appetite.

As a child I never had any qualm about lying to my mother. "Mom! Richard peed in my bed last night!" I would say this without so much as a blink of the eye. Did my mother believe me? No. She still does not believe me to this day and always insists on a standoff in Galicia. Honestly, lying to players in my first FTF game was very difficult (it gets easier). I felt very uncomfortable (as Turkey) looking some poor Russian in the eyes and saying, "Defend yourself up north; shift everything against England and I will keep moving against Italy." I will never forget those sorrow-filled eyes after my stab. They made me feel like a real cad. The eyes are very important in detecting the truth. Shifty eyes often signal a lie. The eyes are the mirrors of the soul; so keep a steady eye. The last time I played FTF I thought Jack Masters was going to stare a hole in my retinas looking for the truth. Once you master the fine art of lying, do not get carried away. It's usually best to hedge around the truth and reserve your sincere lie when you really need it. Tell the truth as often as possible (or if you are like Ron Brown, once every full moon).

One other basic survival skill in FTF is the selection of a stab victim. The enemy must be a person who you can either cut run or cut slug. Since my upper body muscles have atrophied I must depend on footspeed and stamina. I refine those skills by running four to six miles per day. When the moves are read you should assume a sprinter's stance or ready yourself for the left cross if you are stabbing that season.

((Con'd next pg.))

GRANTED, EVEN IF YOU PLAY FTF for years your first postal game will put you in unfamiliar waters but you will not sink. It's like putting an ocean swimmer in a pool. The game will be easier but will include a few minor subtleties to master. Yes, the FTF player will have to learn how to put his thoughts down on paper. Few postal players have the patience for numerous ~~happellies~~ misspellings or my stream of consciousness style. It is easier for a good FTF player to become a good postal player than the other way around.

Lastly, whether it is FTF or postal DIPLOMACY, enjoy yourself. Remember something I often lose sight of: it's only a game!

((This article first appeared in MM #20.))

~~REVIEW: RHETORICAL REFLNS~~

((from Bill Hugh))

Dear Ron,

Peericon was great, sorry that honey-do's kept you from coming. We had four to five games going all day Saturday with GMs. I have to take my hat off to Larry Peery as he ran an excellent con!! The level of competition was higher than I've played in in 10 or 15 years when a small group of us used to get together every month. There were stabs by the bushel, liars coming out of the walls, see-saw alliances, Jack Masters openings (as France: A Mar-Spa; A Par-Gas; F Bre-Mid!), plenty of good, ol' fashioned treachery and a lot of happy dippy players, all the elements of one-hell-of-a-Con. Again, I have to praise Larry Peery for a job very well done!!

Bill

((I'm glad to hear that the Peericon was such a smashing success and that everyone had such a good time. I would have liked very much to travel down there with you and Black Jack but as you mentioned, 'honey-do's' prevented it! Glad to hear from you. - RB))

((from Jim Gray))

Dear Ron,

My moves for the upcoming season are on a separate piece of paper. I've found the GMing of your games to be impeccable, except for this past season in 1981AF.

My orders assumed that Russia would lose a unit. The orders used as I recall, were conditional upon the removal of Russian F Ska. This was because I had made a deal with Russia that if he removed the fleet, he would receive Kiel. Since that unit was not removed, and those orders used, he gained Kiel and then moved a unit that I had expected to be gone, into Denmark. I realize that I should have checked the adjudication and foreseen the error. However, I feel that it would have been better if the players would have been notified, especially where conditional orders were involved.

Jim Gray

((Let me explain my philosophy on handling such matters. First of all, though, please let me apologize for my error if it caused your position harm. The error you refer to was on the Winter supply center chart for your game. I showed on the SC Chart that France had lost Mun, but left out MUN on the Russian-held centers. Yet, there was a Russian Army sitting in Mun, as shown on the Fall adjudication which was on the same page as the SC Chart in question. If an error is such an obvious one and a minor one, I hope that the players figure it out and don't print a correction until the next issue. I'm sorry for the inconvenience the error caused. I'm not an impeccable GM - I make mistakes; but I try hard not to. Thanks for writing. - RB))

THE REAL SF TRIVIA QUIZ ANSWERS

Three readers sent in their answers for last issue's SF Quiz. The winner with 6½ correct answers is Ron (Snafu) Brown. Steve Langley got 2 right, and Dave Grabar got none right! (But that's better than those of you who didn't even try!) I told you that that quiz was a toughest. Since Ron and I have a mutual sub deal going, Ron requested that if he won the five issues of MM should be awarded to Nelson Miller. So, Nelson, hope you enjoy this and the next four issues of MM courtesy of Ron. The answers to the Quiz were:

- 1) "Pulp" SF magazines first appeared in Sweden.
- 2) The name of the first all-SF American magazine was Amazing Stories.
- 3) The publisher of Amazing Stories was none other than Hugo Gernsback.
- 4) Buck Rogers made his radio debut on Nov. 7, 1932.
- 5) In the classic SF film, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, actor Michael Rennie summarizes mankind's choice at the end of the film by stating: "Join us and live in peace, or pursue your present course and face obliteration."
- 6) George Lucas' first film effort was entitled THX 1138.
- 7) The short story by Ray Bradbury where a time traveller kills a butterfly and thereby affects the future is "The Sound of Thunder."
- 8) Robots first appeared in Karel Capek's work R.U.R. (Rossum's Universal Robots) and he was from Czechoslovakia.
- 9) The story "Hans Pfaall", by Edgar Allan Poe deals with a voyage to the Moon.
- 10) Robert Heinlein has received the HUGO Award for Best Novel FOUR times.

Hope you were mildly interested in the SF Quiz. Please let me know if you enjoyed it enough to do another sometime in the future.

MORE STUFF

NORTH SLEATH WEST GRANGE is the name of a brand new DIPzine by Terry Tallman, 16047 28th NE, Seattle, WA 98199. The subscription rate is 50¢/issue, or \$6.00/yr., or you can even take advantage of his 'special' life-time sub for only \$250.00! Terry offers to run as many games of regular DIPLOMACY as he can fill with NO GAMEFEE, for the present anyway. Why not send a SSAE for a sample and see what Seattle's 2nd zine is like?

Well, after receiving a LEEDER POLL result (see pg. 2) today I got a copy of the number One Zine in North America: DIPMASTER! It has one game on a single page and explains how it got its number One ranking: you see for a subscription you must receive a dollar an issue! The only game is in 1923 and all 7 countries have their units in the same exact starting locations as when the game began in Spring 1901! Who is the publisher of DM? I've got a feeling it may be that other Seattle publisher Jack Fleming! Really, it's pretty clever. Thanks, Jack(?)!

John Caruso has announced that his DIPLOMACY PLAYER POLL is now taking votes. The Poll's due date is Nov. 22, 1982 and will coincide with Mark Larzelere's Zine Poll. Vote

((Con'd next pg.))

STILL MORE STUFF

FOR FIVE IN EACH of the following categories: Best DIP Player; Best Variant Player; Best Writer; Best Zine; Best GM; and Best Sub-Zine. Remember, five in each category with your choices ranked from 1-5 in order of preference. You may send your votes to either John Caruso, 160-02 43 Ave., Flushing, NY 11358 OR to Mark Larzelere, 7607 Fountainebleau Dr., Apt. #2352, New Carrollton, MD 20784. Support these polls and vote!

Bob Olsen is going to host a FTF MiniCon at his home in Wichita Kansas. Bob has dubbed it the honorable title of "Toady Con" and it will be held Sept. 10, 11, and 12. Bob resides at 6318 Winterberry Circle, Wichita, KS 67226 so contact him if you are interested in attending. It should be quite spectacular as I understand some of the people planning to attend are John Michalski, Kather Byrne, Gary Coughlan, Keith Sherwood, Steve Langley, Eric Ozog, Al Giddings, Bob Osuch, and more! I'd make it if I could so if you're within striking distance of Kansas try and make it!

Steve Langley has gone independent with his zine MAGUS: It began as a subzine in GIVE ME A WEAPON but now is becoming a full-fledged zine. His first solo effort is really good and I think that MAGUS has the potential to become a hobby mainstay. Write Steve at 2154 Fairfield Rd., Sacramento, CA 95815. His subscription rate is \$6.00/10 issues and he has openings. Write for a sample (better send 37¢ in stamps).

WRAP-UP

Because I ran over to this last page with all the STUFF this will be a very brief. WRAP-UP. All I have room to say is "Bye!" for now. Have a good remainder of August and see you in September!

Your sub expires with # _____

Complimentary _____

Please see pg. _____

MURD'RING MINISTERS

Ron Brown
1528 El Sereno Pl.
Bakersfield, CA 93304

This Issue Contains
"THE BEST OF MM"

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